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Eloquent Tribute to Mr. Davis.
The *Fon du Lac* (Wisconsin) *Press*, an able and distinguished conservative journal, pays the following tribute to the illustrious statesman and uncomplaining prisoner at Fortress Monroe, and makes a demand for his release on the purest grounds of reason. It says:

"We have always regarded it as a fixed fact that sooner or later Jefferson Davis would be released, without being brought to trial, unless, indeed, his captors succeeded in their evident design to murder him, by the slow torture of rigorous confinement to which he has been subjected.

It would be impossible to convict him as a traitor before any court, except, indeed, a military commission, composed of such creatures as the men who pronounced the death sentence upon Mrs. Surratt, whose memories will be execrated through all coming time.

Not only did Jefferson Davis commit no act of treason, but we believe that first, last and always, his acts were governed by motives of the purest and most disinterested patriotism. He betrayed no sacred trust, he made no effort to elevate himself to positions of honor and power, like a selfish aspiring politician; but of all the brilliant array of Southern talent, eloquence and genius assembled in the Senate chamber at Washington, he was the acknowledged leader and superior of all. When the people of the State he represented called upon him, as their Representative, to withdraw from Congress, he promptly responded; and of all the Southern members who bowed their haughty farewell to the Senate, he made the most polished and courtly adieu.

At the time the government of the Confederacy was formed, his vast experience and unequalled abilities as a statesman made him emphatically the leader of the South, while his pleasing address and intellectual superiority over all the other distinguished men of the South made him the idol of the Southern people. He accepted the position of President, not with any design of building up for himself a splendid fortune and enduring fame, but because he was chosen to fill that position by the unanimous voice of eight millions of people, and because he deemed it his sacred duty as a patriot to remain true to the South in her hour of peril.

How far he erred in making this final decision, which cast his fortunes with those of the Southern people, it is idle now to inquire; to-day, as a traitor, though he is branded, we honor and respect him, while we despise such vile, base creatures as Botta and Brownlow, and can truly believe that Washington was not more admired and beloved by the patriots of the Revolution than Jefferson Davis is by the Southern people to-day. History fails to point us an example of more entire unanimity—we search the records in vain to find an instance surpassing the love and devotedness they have exhibited for him.

It is the very superiority of Jefferson Davis which has caused all this persecution and suffering. The Abolition fiends well know that he was no ordinary man, whose splendid genius was so long the brightest star in the Senate—they know it was no weak, common mortal, who for four years, controlled the destinies of eight millions of people, and they fear the influence which his giant intellect and matchless eloquence would exert in moulding the future destiny of America. Knowing that it is impossible to convict him of treason, they hope to dispose of him by the slow torture of confinement and privation.

But time and affliction have failed to bow his lofty spirit—insults, chains and dungeons can never wholly destroy that superiority, eloquence and genius with which God has endowed him. To-day, emaciated with long months of confinement in a dreary fortress, guarded by bayonets, and surrounded by Yankee spies and informers, we recognize the same calm, stately, superior being who figured so grandly in the recent terrible drama of American history—who crushed the Northern Senators by a humiliating consciousness of their own inferiority, when he made his high-toned adieu to the Senate.

For Jefferson Davis, we ask no Executive clemency, for he has committed no treason. For him we implore no pardon, for he is no traitor; all we ask, all we desire, is that he shall receive a fair, impartial trial, and his guilt or innocence be decided by a jury of his own countrymen. But this, of all things, his enemies are determined he shall not have—for they know in this event, he would come forth with no stain upon his character—no tarnish upon his honor.

Probst Makes a full Confession.
HE KILLED THE EIGHT MEMBERS OF THE DEARING FAMILY.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 7, 1866.
Anthon Probst has confessed. Yesterday afternoon, in the presence of his spiritual adviser, the pastor of St. Alphonsus Catholic Church, Mr. Perkins, the superintendent of the prison, Anthon Probst made a free, voluntary and open confession—such a confession as stamps him to be the most bloodthirsty wretch known in the annals of history. He killed all the members of the Dearing family.

Probst, after the lapse of a few minutes, proceeded to make the following statement by way of a

CONFESSION.

He stated that he had no accomplice, and conceived the horrible crime unaided and alone. The theory of the murder as produced on the trial, and the one generally accepted by the public, is entirely true in its main parts. He states that he conceived the murder on Friday, and that night he slept with the boy whom he intended to make his first victim, namely, Cornelius Carey.

He knew that Carey was near the hayrick, and he proceeded there with the large axe, but his heart failed him three times before he could induce himself to strike the unsuspecting boy the fatal blow. At last he mustered sufficient courage, and went at his fiendish work, killing Carey just in the manner he frequently described.

The sight of the blood of the boy, Probst states, produced in him a devilish and blood thirsty feeling, and he determined at once to murder the entire family. He disposed of the body of the boy as described before so often, and then deliberately walked over to the house. He entered, and told Charlie, the little boy next in years to Willie, who was absent, that he wanted him to help him do some work in the barn. The little fellow followed him, and as soon as he got him inside the barn door, he dispatched him with the small axe he had secured.

He then went back to the house and told Mrs. Dearing that something was the matter with one of the cows, and he wanted her to come to the barn. She went, and he followed, and as soon as she entered, he struck her on the head and killed her.

He then went back to the house and awaited the arrival of Mr. Dearing, not expecting Miss Dolan would accompany him. As soon as Mr. Dearing arrived in the carriage, he (Dearing) got, and Probst told him that something was wrong with one of the cows, and asked him to go over to the barn with him. Dearing went along with him, and Miss Dolan went into the house, up stairs, and took off her bonnet and furs. Mr. Dearing did not even take off his gloves before going to the barn, but proceeded there at once, followed by Probst, who had the axe concealed ready for use. As soon as Mr. Dearing entered the barn door, Probst states that he struck him in the head, and felled him to the earth, and then chopped at his neck with the edge of the axe.

Miss Dolan was the next and last victim. She proceeded to the barn after coming down stairs, not finding any of the family in the house, and Probst, who was in waiting, treated her as he had the rest of the family.

After laying out the bodies and covering them up with hay, the murderer went into the house and commenced searching for valuables, but he states he got no money, but expected to secure a considerable amount. He states that Miss Dolan's pocket book had very little in it, and he said nothing whatever of the two \$50 compound interest notes, and the \$20 bill of the same character. He remained about the house for some time, picked up the articles found in the black valise, and left about dark. His further movements were pretty much as brought out on the trial, and which are patent to the minds of the whole community.

LATER.

The confession of Probst is phonographically reported by the Inquirer. The facts agree mainly with the above report. He says he had no thought of committing the murder at the time of hiring with Dearing but calculated on robbing him of the money which he had seen him counting. He had never said anything about it to any one. He came to this country in 1863, in the Columbus, from Bremen, and never did anything wrong in Germany. His father and mother were still living at Baden. He is 24 years old. He enlisted twice and deserted—first in the forty-first New York and then in the fifth cavalry. He planned every day to get Dearing's money but never had a chance.

"My first plan was to kill him and get the money. I could not get the money in any other way. I thought of killing them at the house as they came down in the morning. I got the axe sometimes ready for them when they came down evenings. I got some good chances, but my heart failed me."

After describing the manner of murdering Cornelius Carey and Mrs. Dearing and her children, he gives the following explanation of the killing of the infants:

"Then I went over to the house and took Annie and told her that her mother wanted to see her in the stable. She did not say a word. Then I took the little baby—I took it on my arm. The little girl walked alongside of me. I left the little baby on the first corner as you go into the stable, playing in the hay. Then I went to the same place where I killed the others. She looked around like for her mother, who was in the hay. She did not say anything. I knocked her down at the first blow, and cut her throat same as the others. Then I went back and got the little baby, and struck it on the head in the same place there. I hauled them into the same place."

After describing the killing of Dearing and Miss Dolan, the fiend says he took out Mr. Dearing's pocket book, but only got seventeen dollars, including a counterfeit three-dollar note. He saw nothing in Miss Dolan's pocket book, but postage stamps. He was not lying now. He thought they had much money. After securing other articles, revolvers, etc., (afterwards found in his possession,) he washed and dressed himself, putting Mr. Dearing's cloths on, and then cut some bread and butter.

The scoundrel frequently laughed while detailing his confession of these horrible crimes.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—What cannot be told had better not be done. Carelessness gives temptation to dishonesty. Eggs are close things, but the chickens come out at last. (Murder will out.) Swim with one foot on the ground. (A safe and prudent character.) Better be a dog in peace than a man in anarchy. Never add feet to a snake. (A hint to speakers when the subject is exhausted.) A diligent pen supplies memory and thought. Pour not water on a duck's back. (Fruitless counsel or advice.) In litigation, men often win a cat and lose a cow. To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth. (If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.) He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure. Kindness is more binding than a loan. If families have no sons do letters, whence are the governors of the people to come? (Necessity for general education.) Right should be preferred to kindred. (In patronage.) Parents' affection is best shown by teaching their children industry and self-denial. Something is learned every time a book is opened. The more talents are exercised the more they will be developed. Unless the laws be executed even on the imperial kindred, they will not be obeyed. Early preferment makes a lazy genius. The best thing in governing is example; the next, impartial rigor. The ways of superiors are generally carried by inferiors to excess. A rash man is fond of provoking trouble, but when the trouble comes he is no match for it; a clever man turns great troubles into little ones, and little ones into none at all.

MUTUAL AFFECTION.—If there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovered a long-nourished affection to be mutual. The moon as she rides on in the infinity of space, has not a greater influence upon the ocean tide, than the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down in a state of temporary tranquility—and now bidding it heave and swell by the magic of its viewless power. Without it what would be the world? As a creation without light. Yet possessing it as we do, how does it discompose the soberest plans of reason—how the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of his breath! It is poetry of thought when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be feigned, for it appears in a halo of soft witching light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flowers, luring the fragrance from its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute, passing over the silent cords till it doth "discourse most eloquent music."

POLITENESS IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—The laws of politeness should be observed not only between intimate friends, but between members of the same family, and those households are most peaceful and happy where the courtesies of good society are observed. There need not and ought not to be formality; but little attentions between brothers and sisters, marking mutual esteem, prevent that carelessness and hardness which is so apt to creep into the family, and which grow out of intimacy. It is good manners, and consideration for each other's feelings, that prevent familiarity generating contempt.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats pull them off.

A Senatorial Rebuke.

In the debate upon the Civil Rights Bill in the Senate, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, opposed the postponement of the vote which was asked for in order to enable the Senators who were ill to be in attendance when the vote should be taken, and said:

I am very frank to say that when gentlemen tell us that if we persist here with all the physical power the Almighty has put into our hands, we may probably prevail, it is not an argument against my staying here, standing by the Constitution, standing by these powers that the Constitution has armed me with, and which I have no right or authority to give up. No Senator on this floor has any right to surrender the authority with which we are clothed. The moment a President can rise and interpose his interference with a question purely congressional and legislative, your Constitution is not worth the paper upon which it is written. That is the reason that I urge and beg of my friends on this floor to take every advantage that the Almighty has put into your hands to maintain, uphold and sustain that Constitution that we have sworn we will support.

Mr. McDougall, of California, administered the following severe and dignified rebuke to his brother Senator.

Mr. McDougall.—Mr. President, the Senator from Ohio is in the habit of appealing to his God in vindication of his judgment and conduct; it is a common thing for him to do so; but, in view of the present demonstration, it may be well to ask who and what is his God. In the old Persian mythology there was an Ormazdes and an Ahriman—a god of light and beauty, and a god of darkness and death. The god of light sent the sun to shine and gentle showers to fructify the fields, the god of darkness sent the tornado and the tempest and the thunder, scathing with pestilence the nations. And in old Chaldean times men came to worship Ahriman, the god of darkness, the god of pestilence and famine; and his priests became multitudinous—they swarmed the land—and when men prayed then, their offerings were, "We will not sow a field of grain; we will not dig a well; we will not plant a tree." These were the offerings to the dark spirit of evil until a prophet came who redeemed that ancient land, but he did it after crucifixion, like our great master.

The followers of Ahriman always appealed to the same spirit manifested by the Senator from Ohio. Death is to be one of his angels now to redeem the Constitution and the laws, and to establish liberty. Sickness, suffering, evil, are to be his angels; and he thanks the Almighty, his Almighty, that sickness, danger and evil are about! It may be a good God for him in this world; but if there is any truth in what we learn about the orders of religion in this Christian world, his faith will not help him when he shall ascend up and ask entrance at the crystal door. If there can be evil expressed in high places that communicates evil thoughts, that communicates evil teachings, that demoralizes the youth who receive impressions as does the wax, it is by such lessons as the Senator from Ohio now teaches by word of mouth as Senator in this Senate Hall.

Sir, the President of the United States is a constitutional officer, clothed with high power, and clothed with the very power which he has exercised in this instance, and those who conferred upon him those powers were men such as Madison, and Hamilton, and Morris, and Washington, and a host of worthies, men who, I think, knew as much about the laws of the Government, and how they should be rightly balanced, as any of the wisest who now sit here in council. It is the duty of the President of the United States to stand as defender of the Constitution in his place, as the conservator of the rights of the people, as tribune of the people, as it was in old Rome, when the people did choose their tribunes to go into the Senate Chamber among the aristocracy of Rome, and when they passed laws injurious to the Roman people, to stand and say, "I forbid it."

That is the veto power, incorporated wisely by our fathers in the Constitution, conferred upon the President of the United States, and to be treated with consideration, and no appeal of the Senator to his God can change the Constitution or the rights of the President of the United States, or can prevent a just consideration of the dignity of this Senate by persons who have just consideration, who feel that they are Senators.

It is a strange thing, an exceedingly strange thing, that when a few Senators in the City of Washington, ill at their houses, give assurance that they can be here to act upon a great public question on the day following this, we should hear a piece of declamation, the Senator appealing to his God, and saying with an *Io triumpho* air, "Well or ill, God has made them ill."—Sir, the god of desolation, the god of darkness, the god of evil is his god. I never expected to hear such objections raised

among honorable men; and men to be Senators should be honorable men. I never expected to hear such things in this Hall; and I rose simply to say that such sentiments were to be condemned, and must receive my condemnation, now and here, and if it amounts to a rebuke, I trust it may be a rebuke.

The Wealth and Poverty of our Statesmen.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library and given for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid \$80,000 for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some \$50,000, the result of his industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich. Throughout his political life he studiously looked out for his own interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded \$100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about \$150,000—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his life time, the product of his professional speculation. He died leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than \$20,000; the latter exceeded \$550,000.

John Tyler left \$60,000. Before he was President he was bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means, and then married a rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left \$150,000. Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be squandered in speculation and vice. Frank Pierce saved some \$50,000 from his term of service.

WANTED.—One of the splinters from a subbeam.

One of the drawers of the "Freedmen's Bureau."

A piece of yarn from one of "Job's comforters."

The points of the daggers that Hamlet spake to his mother.

A nail from the "finger of scorn."

One of the pillars of the "temple of fame."

A few drops of oil from the "lamp of life."

One of the members of the association of ideas.

Some seaweed from the depths of thought.

One of the wheels of Phobus' car.

A feather from the "wings of imagination."

A lock of hair from one of the heads of Department.

The legs of a seat of government.

A nosegay gathered from the flowers of fancy.

A few grains of sand from the desert of life.

One of the links from the chain of thought.

The items in a humming-bird's bill.

The roots of a stump speech.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—Keep good company or none—Never be idle—If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind—Always speak the truth—Make few promises—Keep those you do make—Live up to your engagements—Keep your own secrets, if you have any—When you speak to a person, look him in the face—Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue—Good character is above every thing else—Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts—If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him—Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors—Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income—When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day—Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper—Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind—Never play at any game of chance—Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it—Earn money before you spend it.

A site has been fixed upon for a national burial ground at Seven Pines, on the Peninsula, and the workmen are now engaged in laying it out.